

MS. AMERICA PAGEANT

By Frank W. Scott from a concept by Richard Lescsak and Frank W. Scott.
LOVELY - Lyrics and music by Stephen Sondheim

(BERTHA enters in a tuxedo or dress suit)

BERTHA: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Bertha Parker and it's my privilege to welcome you to Ventura, California and the First Annual Ms. America Competition and Beauty Pageant. This evening, our three finalists will compete for the title of Ms. America. These three beauties have survived the strenuous week-long competition featuring athletic events - weight lifting and cross country marathon - a beauty pageant, with the famous bikini bathing suit parade, and the talent competition. Now, here they are - our three finalists for the title of Ms. America!

(Music begins. The Contestants enter as they are called)

Ms. California - Roxie Reagan! (Roxie is in tacky drag, with overdone makeup and an overly frilly gown)

Ms. Virginia - Sherry Falwell! (Sherry is bearded, in an old prom gown)

Ms. Alaska, a genuine Eskimo Princess - Candy Bullkiller! (Candy is in a fur coat over an ugly housedress, and wears combat boots. Her makeup is grotesque and her movements awkward)

At this time, each girl will answer a question which will reflect her social consciousness. Then our distinguished panel of judges will announce their choice - the Ms. best qualified to be this year's Ms. America!

Our first finalist is Ms. California, Roxie Reagan!

ROXIE: Good evening, my fellow Americans!

BERTHA: Now, Roxie, here is your question. Following the transitional decade of the seventies, America seems to have entered a period of relative political stability. What is your opinion of this return to conservatism in America?

ROXIE: The return to conservatism in America will be the salvation of our country and our way of life. Modestly speaking, I can say that I have been a voting member of the John Birch Society since I was two months old. I believe it is our patriotic duty to restore the old-fashioned moral standards which made our country great. If elected Ms. America, I shall propose the closing of all X-rated movie houses, the burning of all books which disagree with my point of view, and a balanced

In Gay Company. music and lyrics by Fred Silver.

FIREMAN'S SONG

My father came from County Cork, and mine from County Clare;
Mine came from dear old Donegal, and mine came from Kildare;
Our fathers proudly served the "force," never were men so brave;
But if they know what we're coming to, they'd be turning in their grave!

'Cause the place is so neat, it's clean and it's swept,
The brass is polished and nicely kept;

I think we've found a fairy in the firehouse!
The hinges that squeaked have all been oiled;
This morning I found my hose uncoiled!

I think we've found a fairy in the firehouse!
Last night we all got plastered and this morning, bless my soul!
I'd like to find the bastard who vaselined the pole!
Who took all my socks and darned all the holes,
wrote "I love you" on all the soles?

We've got to find this fairy, this Mary quite contrary!
Yes, I think we've found a fairy on the "force"!

When we let the Italians in, things went from bad to worse;
The Poles and Puerto Ricans were hard to bear,
And a black in the battalion is a fate we can't reverse.
But a faggot on the "force" just isn't fair!

'Cause the windows have all been done up in chintz,
The chief is taking fingerprints;

I think we've found a fairy in the firehouse!
In the locker that's used for recent recruits,
We found a pair of sequin boots!

I think we've found a fairy in the firehouse!
If we allow a homosexual within our hallowed halls,
He'll want to attend our picnics! My God, he'll be at our balls!
Ye Gods, and alas, and alack-a-day,
It's enough to make a Protestant pray!
If we don't watch out, we'll be in an Irish stew!
'Cause what if there's more than one?

MARKINGS

**Denotes musical numbers

ACT ONE

- **A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Solo and Cast -

? **I AM THE VERY MODEL

Solo and Cast

Peter ON BEING DIFFERENT

Male reader

? LESBIAN WOMAN

Female reader

David **ODE TO A GYM TEACHER

Solo - female

Michael **LET'S DO IT

Solo

Michael **MAD ABOUT THE BOY

Solo - male

Ernie TAKE OFF THE MASKS

Male reader

Paul **BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS/AS I LOVE MY OWN

Solo/Solo

→ DOC REUBEN

Reader

**FIREMAN'S SONG

4 males

Russ Hile LEAVES OF GRASS

Male reader

Eleanor **ALWAYS TRUE TO YOU IN MY FASHION

Solo - male

Michael GAY SPIRIT

Female reader

**TRUE CONFESSION

Solo - male

Ernie A SINGLE MAN

Male reader

Eleanor **SEND IN THE CLOWNS

Solo - female

Black Hole GIOVANNI'S ROOM

Male reader

**SWAN LAKE BALLET

Narrator

Prince - male

Princess - male

3 Swans

ACT TWO

Ken **ANYTHING GOES

2 female, 2 male singers

Michael MS AMERICA PAGEANT

MC - female

3 Contestants - male

John SPECTRUM OF LOVE

Female reader

1 unit { **SISTER

recording

Marg { SAPPHO POEM

Female reader

DIARY

Female Reader

MARKINGS

PRODUCTION NOTES

MARKINGS is an "anthology" of music and dramatic readings by gay authors and composers. Some lyrics have been modified or substituted. Most of the readings have been edited to enhance dramatic value. There is one "guest heterosexual" - Mickie Grant, composer of "I Gotta Keep Movin'".

Readings can be memorized (preferably) or read from a lectern. The show works with minimum lighting and staging but readily adapts to a more elaborate concept if desired. It has been generously and enthusiastically received by every audience.

CAST: As few as six, as many as twelve - eight is probably the ideal number, depending on singing, dancing and reading skills - evenly divided between male and female if possible.

SETS/PROPS: No set needed as such - a music stand or lectern (moveable), a piano, a couple tall stools. Props - flowers and crown for the MS. AMERICA PAGEANT, posters for the STREET DEMONSTRATION.

MUSIC: Five songs, original and as yet uncopyrighted, have been removed from the script. Their removal does not affect the impact of the show. All the music is readily available at music stores and/or public libraries. One original song - opening and closing the show - has been included in MS form

"I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major General"	Gilbert and Sullivan
"Ode to a Gym Teacher"	Meg Christian
"Let's Do It"	Cole Porter
"Mad About the Boy"	Noel Coward
"Beautiful Strangers"	Rod McKuen
"As I Love My Own"	
"Fireman's Song"	Fred Silver, from <u>In Gay Company</u>
"Always True to You in My Fashion"	Cole Porter
"True Confessions"	Fred Silver, from <u>In Gay Company</u>

"Send in the Clowns"

Stephen Sondheim, from
A Little Night Music

"Swan Lake Ballet Suite"

Tchaikovsky

"Anything Goes"

Cole Porter

"Lovely" (in Ms. America Pageant)

Stephen Sondheim, from
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

"Sister"

(recording on album, The Changer and the Changed)

Chris Williamson

"Beautiful Dreamer"

Stephen Foster

"Crocodile Rock"

Elton John

"One Hand, One Heart"

Bernstein/Sondheim
from West Side Story

"Somewhere"

Ditto

"I Gotta Keep Movin'"

Mickie Grant, from
Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope

COSTUMES: A variety of street clothing. Exceptions are Ms. America Pageant and Swan Lake Ballet (see notes on those pieces).

MARKINGS opens on a bare stage except for piano and lectern (if needed).

The cast enters, as music begins, forming a line with the soloist in front. Soloist sings first verse of "A Different Drummer", the cast joins as indicated. It's simple and low key. Following "I Am the Very Model" the cast is seated in chairs along the back of the stage. Some members of the cast are always seated on stage, though others may be off for reasons of staging from time to time.

"Mad About the Boy" is a vamp number a la Lena Horne, using a red handkerchief.

SWAN LAKE BALLET:

Music recorded from Columbia Album ML5201, Swan Lake Ballet Suite performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

- 1) Act II, Danse des petits cygnes
- 2) Act III, Mazurka
- 3) Act II, Scene 9
- 4) Act II, Coda

These are the selections as listed on the album.

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A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Solo: I hear the sound of a different drummer,
And I have to march to a different band;
For I am a part of another country.
Can I make it? Yes I can!

Women: I hear the sound....

Men: I hear the sound....

Women: For here's where I'll stay
With my lovin' woman.

Men: And here's where I'll stay
With my lovin' man.

All: And here's where we'll love
With one another.

Can I make it?

~~Can I make it?~~

~~Can I make it?~~

Yes, I can!

RECEIVED
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A FIVE-POINT SUMMARY

1. The first point is that the
second point is that the
third point is that the
fourth point is that the
fifth point is that the

1. The first point is that the

2. The second point is that the

3. The third point is that the

4. The fourth point is that the

5. The fifth point is that the

6. The sixth point is that the

7. The seventh point is that the

8. The eighth point is that the

9. The ninth point is that the

10. The tenth point is that the

11. The eleventh point is that the

SULLIVAN, ARTHUR

Music by Arthur Sullivan
Lyrics by Frank W. Scott

I Am The Very Model

I am the very model of a modern homosexual.
To me the thought of going straight is highly ineffectual;
I find that sex is lots of fun, both pers'nal and vicarious,
Positions that are flexible and int'resting and various.

I've read the works of authors gay like Virgil and Petronius,
Lord Byron, Blake and Gore Vidal, who's often acrimonious,
With Socrates and Sophocles and other ancient thespians,
Plus Gertrude Stein and Toklas and assorted, noted Lesbians.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I visit bars and baths although it isn't economical,
And drive around the cruising streets which some folks see as comical.
In short, in matters physical, as well as intellectual,
I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I'm fascinated by the lives of famous gays in history -
King James the First of England, Julius Caesar and Mark Antony,
John Milton, Isaac Newton, Oscar Wilde and Michelangelo,
Moussorgsky and Tchaikowsky and a hundred other names you know -

Magellan, Andre Gide, Colette, Chopin, Hans Christian Anderson,
Napoleon, Wild Bill Hickok, Radclyffe Hall and Alfred Tennyson,
Walt Whitman, Willa Cather, Elton John and Leonardo.

You'll find that we are everywhere, no matter where or when
you go.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I've tried a bit of S and M and had a fling at water sports;
I've done it in an airplane, under water and on tennis courts.
In short, in matters physical, as well as intellectual,
I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I AM THE VERY MODEL.....(cont.)

Most churches clearly frown on me, but what the hell! I know the ropes.
I've read the lives of Christian gays, including half a dozen popes.
The government condemns me, too, denying me my civil rights,
While I do studies on the way gay politicians spend their nights.

And while I may not be a breathless paragon of piety,
Nor sit and dream with Plato of Utopian society,
I dedicate my life and time to seeking liberation,
Avoiding all emotional and mental constipation.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

Now I've had sex with people and in places multifarious,
Both singly and in orgies, which at times can be precarious.
In short, in matters physical, as well as intellectual,
I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

(chorus repeat last line ~~3~~ times)

federal budget, even if we do have to dispose of the poor and elderly in order to do it. Furthermore, all long-haired hippies will either get a hair cut or be deported. Thank you.

BERTHA: Thank you, Roxie. Our second finalist is Ms. Virginia, Sherry Falwell!

SHERRY: (speaks in a soft, breathy voice with a Southern accent and is chewing gum) Y'all is too kind.

BERTHA: Now, Sherry, here is your question. During the past fifty years, we have seen the steady development of self-awareness on the part of American women. What do you feel is the proper role for women in American society in the eighties?

SHERRY: (takes gum out and puts it behind her ear) I want to say that women really do have a role in American society in the eighties. Us Lynchburg girls have known for years that we have a role. Personally, I like Bingo on Tuesday nights. I hope every woman in America will find her place in a Tuesday night Bingo game. Women should be happy keeping house and having babies - and playing Bingo. Y'all will find that's the truly proper role for women in American society. If I am elected Ms. America, I shall propose that we ban the pill, promote the glories of motherhood, and restore men to their rightful place of dominance over women. Thank you.

BERTHA: Thank you, Sherry. I'm sure the women of America will never forget what you just said. Our third finalist is a genuine Eskimo Princess, Ms. Alaska, Candy Bullkiller!

CANDY: Greetings from America's last frontier, the great state of Alaska, and all her citizens - men, women, children, sled dogs...

BERTHA: That's very nice, dear.

CANDY: ...reindeers, moose, elk, bear, seals....

BERTHA: (sharply) We appreciate the ecology lesson, Candy, but here is your question.

CANDY: What question? Oh! The question! Shoot!

BERTHA: Candy, the past decade has seen the development of a new group consciousness on the part of America's homophile community. What is your opinion of the Gay Liberation Movement?

CANDY: The Gay Liberation Movement? That has to do with homosexuals, doesn't it? Personally, I don't know any, but if I did, it wouldn't bother me at all. I believe that faggots should have the same rights as normal people to do their own thing - even if it is sick and perverted. If the Gay Liberation Movement wants liberation, I think we should give it to them. If I am elected Ms. America, I shall propose that the northernmost portion of my great state, Alaska, be set aside as a reservation

What if there's two? three? four? five? six? seven?

Heaven!

We've got to find this fairy,

Send him back to Londonderry!

We cannot have a fairy on the force!

"A Comedy Like That" should be read in a pompous manner while 5 or 6 cast members perform behind the reader. The cast forms a line, joins hands, starts doing "in and out the window" movements, becoming progressively tangled. About 3/4 of the way through the reading, they entangle the reader as well and all end up in a clump on the floor as the reader carries through to the conclusion unruffled. Very funny.

"Beautiful Dreamer" and "Crocodile Rock" - "Dreamer" should be done by a really good singer. At it's conclusion, "Croc" begins and the whole cast jumps up to launch into a campy version. Play it broad and campy as possible.

"Markings" is read by one person with the whole cast joining in on the last four lines as a voice choir.

"Street Demonstration" is done immediately on the heels of the "Markings" reading with an explosion of sound and movement - shout slogans, use posters - make it look and sound as legitimate as possible. At a selected point, the cast freezes in poission while a soloist sings "Somewhere."

As the same soloist begins "I Gotta Keep Movin'", the cast responds, one at a time, by stacking posters and joining hands until all are united and singing together. The mood change from the first number where they stood separately to the last number where they stand untet as a community is what the show is about. The cast sings a reprise of "A Different Drummer" again, with great intensity, still holding hands. Done well, there is a tremendous emotional impact.

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Cast - Three Swans, 1 female and 2 males or vice versa - in white tutus

Princess - large male, in lavender tutu and head ornament

Prince - smaller male, in leather jacket, cap and belt, long johns
(stuffed in front for effect) and leather boots

The music divides the action neatly into 4 sections:

- 1) The swans enter one at a time and dance
- 2) The Princess enters doing arabesques and leaps around the stage,
then waltzes with the swans.
- 3) The Prince enters. The Princess is standoffish at first, then
seductive. They dance together. Make it pure camp, eg the Prince
turns the Princess, then she turns him; the Prince holds her leg
for a complete turn, then she holds his, etc.
- 4) The Princess rejects the Prince and dances away. He pulls off his
leather belt and using it as a whip, subdues her. They do leaps
across to where the swans wait in a line. The prince turns each swan
and lifts her/him, after which each runs off. He tries to lift the
Princess and cannot. She slings him over her shoulder and carries
him off.

Staged imaginatively and for pure camp effect, it is a very funny piece.

MS. AMERICA PAGEANT

Bertha Parker - a woman dressed formally in a man's tuxedo

Roxie Reagan - Moderately good drag, Dolly Parton hairdo

Sherry Falwell - either excellent, sophisticated drag or really grotesque
e.g. with a bear and hairy chest in a strapless gown.

Kandy Bullkiller - Ugly black wig, bosomless housedress, combat boots with
a tacky fur coat which is dropped only at the end after
she wins and prepares to parade.

Kandy and the runner-up are awarded tacky plastic flowers. Kandy receives
a bulky, ugly crown. Add whatever works - judges, a photographer with
lights to film Kandy as she parades at the end, blowing kisses. Keep it
supremely tacky!

"Sappho" and "Diary" should be done by two women standing a few feet
apart with the Williamson song playing softly behind them. After "Diary" the
music builds, the two reach out to join hands, then move to stand together and
exit hand-in-hand. (Tape the song once through, then mid-way to the end.) This
simple but effective.

The title of the best seller, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, asterisk, But Were Afraid to Ask, is cute as a bug's ear, and we know what Freud thought of those who were cute about sex - Very uptight! If a humorous approach to sexual matters is a mask for unease, then author David Reuben, M.D. is in a state of communicable panic.

On the subject of homosexuality, Dr. Reuben tries to be a good sport. Yet at heart he is angry with the homosexual. It would be so easy to straighten him out. If he would only visit "a psychiatrist who knows how to cure homosexuality, he has every chance of becoming a happy, well-adjusted heterosexual." I wonder if Dr. Reuben might be got up on a charge of violating the fair advertising practices act - on the ground that no such psychiatrist exists.

As a religious rather than a scientific man, Dr. Reuben believes that there is something wicked (he would say sick) about the homosexual act. Therefore those who say they really enjoy it must be lying. He also believes implicitly a set of old queens' tales that any high school boy could probably set him straight on. "Most homosexuals at one time or another in their lives act out some aspect of the female role." He seems to mean that a man who enjoys relations with his own sex is really half a man, a travesty of woman.

This is not the case. The man involved in a homosexual act is engaged in a natural male function; he is performing as a man, and so is his partner.

Dr. Reuben tends to gloss over the social pressures which condition the life of anyone who prefers, occasionally or exclusively, the company of his own sex. Two government workers living together in Washington, D.C. would very soon find themselves unemployed. Only a bachelor entirely above suspicion like J. Edgar Hoover can afford to live openly with another man. In any case, homosexual promiscuity differs from heterosexual only in the atmosphere of fear in which the homosexual must operate. It is a nice joke if a judge is caught in a motel with a call girl. It is a major tragedy if a government official with a family is caught in a men's room.

Now I am sure that Dr. Reuben would not like for 100-percent heterosexuals to be advised on their behavior by 100-percent homosexuals, so may I, diffidently, suggest that until Dr. Reuben has had a full and mature relationship with a man, he ought not to speak of what he does not know.

I looked over at Giovanni.

Jacques followed my look. "He is very fond of you," he said, "already. But this doesn't make you happy or proud, as it should. It makes you frightened and ashamed. Why?"

"I don't understand him," I said at last. "I don't know what he means by friendship."

Jacques laughed. "You don't know what he means by friendship but you have the feeling it may not be safe. You are afraid it may change you. What kind of friendship have you had?"

I said nothing.

"Or for that matter," he continued, "what kind of love affairs?"

I was silent for so long that he teased me, saying, "Come out, Come out, wherever you are!"

And I grinned, feeling chilled.

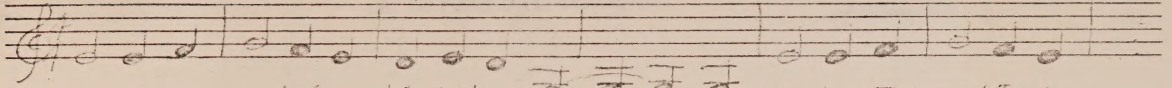
"Love him," Jacques said, with vehemence, "love him and let him love you. Do you think anything else under heaven really matters? And how long, at the best, can it last? Since you are both men and have everywhere to go? Only five minutes, I assure you, only five minutes, and most of that in the dark. And if you think of them as dirty, then they will be dirty - they will be dirty because you will be giving nothing, you will be despising your flesh and his. But you can make your time together anything but dirty; you can give each other something which will make both of you better - forever - if you will not be ashamed, if you will not play it safe."

* * * * *

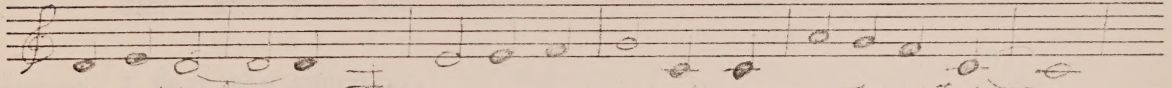
The street he lived on was wide, and ended in a small park. His room was in the back, on the ground floor of the last building on this street. He locked the door behind us, and then for a moment, in the gloom, we simply stared at each other - with dismay, with relief, and breathing hard. I was trembling. I thought, if I do not open the door at once and get out of here, I am lost. But I knew I could not open the door; I knew it was too late. Soon it was too late to do anything but moan. He pulled me against him, putting himself into my arms as though he were giving himself to me to carry, and slowly pulled me down with him to that bed. With everything in me screaming NO! yet the sum of me sighed YES.

I Hear The Sound of a Different Drummer

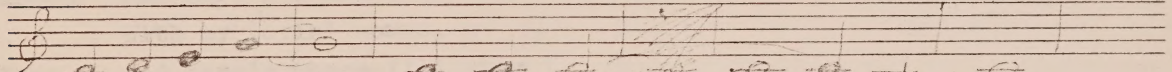
Music & Lyrics by Frank W. Scott.



1. I hear the sound of a dif-fer-ent drum-mer. and I have to march to a
2. Here's where I'll stay with my leg-in' we march. and Here's where I'll stay with my



dif-fer-ent band leg-in' march. too I am a part of a no-ther country. can a no-ther



Can I make it? yes, I can. for
Can I make it? yes, I can.

On reprise at end, put all of first verse into

plural "we hear the sound," etc. 2nd verse remains singular
for first half - "Here's where I'll stay," etc - Then plural on

second half "Here's where we'll love - Can we make it?"

At end of reprise, repeat phrase "Can we make it" 3

times, then end strongly "Yes we can!!"

This is in C - you'll undoubtedly need to raise it - my
ability at notation is too limited. Sorry.

Frank

A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Solo: I hear the sound of a different drummer,
And I have to march to a different band;
For I am a part of another country.
Can I make it? Yes I can!

Women: I hear the sound....

Men: I hear the sound....

Women: For here's where I'll stay
With my lovin' woman.

Men: And here's where I'll stay
With my lovin' man.

All: And here's where we'll love
With one another.

Can I make it?

Can I make it?

Can I make it?

Yes, I can!

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I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

To me the thought of going straight is highly ineffectual;
I find that sex is lots of fun, both pers'nal and vicarious,
Positions that are flexible and int'resting and various.

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Lord Byron, Blake and Gore Vidal, who's often acrimonious,
With Socrates and Sophocles and other ancient thespians,
Plus Gertrude Stein and Toklas and assorted, noted Lesbians.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I visit bars and baths although it isn't economical,
And drive around the cruising streets which some folks see as comical.
In short, in matters physical, as well as intellectual,
I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I'm fascinated by the lives of famous gays in history -
King James the First of England, Julius Caesar and Mark Antony,
John Milton, Isaac Newton, Oscar Wilde and Michelangelo,
Moussorgsky and Tchaikowsky and a hundred other names you know -

Magellan, Andre Gide, Colette, Chopin, Hans Christian Anderson,
Napoleon, Wild Bill Hickok, Radclyffe Hall and Alfred Tennyson,
Walt Whitman, Willa Cather, Elton John and Leonardo.

You'll find that we are everywhere, no matter where or when
you go.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

I've tried a bit of S and M and had a fling at water sports;
I've done it in an airplane, under water and on tennis courts.
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I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

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I AM THE VERY MODEL....(cont.)

Most churches clearly frown on me, but what the hell! I know the ropes.
I've read the lives of Christian gays, including half a dozen popes.
The government condemns me, too, denying me my civil rights,
While I do studies on the way gay politicians spend their nights.

And while I may not be a breathless paragon of piety,
Nor sit and dream with Plato of Utopian society,
I dedicate my life and time to seeking liberation,
Avoiding all emotional and mental constipation.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

Now I've had sex with people and in places multifarious,
Both singly and in orgies, which at times can be precarious.
In short, in matters physical, as well as intellectual,
I am the very model of a modern homosexual.

(chorus repeat last line 3 times)

SACKVILLE-WEST, VITA. Diary. quoted in Portrait of a Marriage by Nigel Nicholson. Atheneum, New York, 1973. pp 104-06.

I remember that wild irresponsible day. It was one of the most vibrant days of my life. Violet and I dined alone together, and then, after dinner, we went into my sitting-room, and from ten o'clock until two in the morning - for four hours, or perhaps more - we talked.

Violet had struck the secret of my duality; she attacked me about it, and I made no attempt to conceal it from her or from myself. I talked myself out, until I could hear my own voice getting hoarse, and the fire went out, and all the servants had long since gone to bed, and there was not a soul in the house except Violet and me, and I talked out the whole of myself with absolute sincerity and pain, and Violet only listened - which was skilful of her. She made no comments and no suggestions until I had finished - until, that is, I had dug into every corner and brought its contents out to the light. Then, when I had finished, still with her infinite skill, she brought me round to my attitude towards herself, as it had always been ever since we were children, and then she told me how she had loved me always, and reminded me of incidents running through years, which I couldn't pretend to have forgotten. She was far more skilful than I. I might have been a boy of eighteen and she a woman of thirty-five. She was infinitely clever - she didn't scare me, she didn't rush me, she didn't allow me to see where I was going; it was all conscious on her part, but on mine it was simply the drunkenness of liberation - the liberation of half my personality.

She lay on the sofa, I sat plunged in the armchair; she took my hands, and parted my fingers to count the points as she told me why she loved me. I hadn't dreamed of such an art of love. Such things had been direct for me always. I was infinitely troubled by the softness of her touch and the murmur of her lovely voice. She pulled me down until I kissed her - I had not done so for many years. Then she was wise enough to get up and go to bed; but I kissed her again in the dark after I had blown out our solitary lamp. She let herself go entirely limp and passive in my arms. I can't think I slept at all that night.

I don't know how to go on. I am not writing this for fun, but because I hold the conviction that as centuries go on, and the sexes become more nearly merged on account of their increasing resemblances, that such connections will be understood far better. I believe it will be recognized that many more people of my type do exist than under the present-day system of hypocrisy is commonly admitted.

Always True To You *Love is The Answer*
PERRY, TROY. The Lord is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay.
Nash Publishing, 1972. pp 150-153.

I looked up as proud as all get out, and I saw this lady coming determinedly up the street. I held out a leaflet and said, "Here, Madam, would you take one of our leaflets?" She didn't say a word. She just hauled off and hit me as hard as she could with her purse. I didn't believe it. So, like a fool, I repeated myself. I said, "Madam, are you sure you don't want one of our leaflets?" So, she hit me again.

She said, "If I had my way all of you perverted individuals would be locked up, in jail, and the key thrown away!"

I said, "Madam, that's a wonderful Christian attitude you have."

She looked me over, backed off a step, and I thought she was going to hit me again. She said, "Young man, do you know what the Book of Leviticus says?"

I told her, "I sure do! It says that it's a sin for a woman to wear a red dress, for a man to wear a cotton shirt and woolen pants at the same time, and for anyone to eat shrimp, oysters, or lobster-- or your steak too rare."

She said, "That's not what I mean!"

I said, "I know that's not what you mean, Honey, but you forgot all of these other dreadful sins, too, that are in the same book of the Bible."

She said, "Do you know what Saint Paul said?"

Again, I said, "I sure do. He said for women to be silent, not to speak."

She said, "That's not what I mean either."

I said, "I know it's not, Honey, but Paul disliked women: he said that women were not to teach, preach, and that they were not to have any sort of authority over a man. Where would our women's liberation groups be, if they had listened to the Apostle Paul?"

Then she took out of that heavy purse a small, but hefty, Bible. She said, "Read this, and see what Paul said to the Romans."

I shut her Bible and handed it back to her and I recited from memory exactly what he said in Chapter 1.

"And I'll agree, madam, Paul did not like homosexuals."

She said, "All right, smarty, what did Jesus say?"

I said, "Now according to the way you think and act, He would have been a real weirdy -- for you. If He lived in this day and age, the way you people label individuals, you would have labeled Him a homosexual right off the bat! I don't believe that Jesus was a homosexual. But I know you people. Here was a guy that was raised by a mother with no father -- typical of the homosexual syndrome, according to so many psychiatrists (for what that's worth) -- He never married, and ran around with twelve guys all the time. Not only that, He wasn't above having bodily contact with another man: John the Beloved lay on the breast of Jesus at the Last Supper. Not only that, but a guy betrayed Him with a kiss! Doesn't that make you want to throw up? Not once did Jesus say, 'Come unto me, all ye heterosexuals who have sex in the missionary position with a member of the opposite sex -- and you can become true followers.' No! Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And that includes homosexuals, too. God does not condemn me for a sex drive that He has created in me.

Well, she was as white as a sheet. I went right on, "When Jesus was asked what is the great commandment, Jesus didn't talk about homosexuality or heterosexuality. He said this, 'And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: And the Second is like unto the First, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' And I think that's the gospel according to Jesus Christ.

She turned and left without another word.

